BASIA;

OR, THE

CHARMS

OF

KISSING.

Tranſlated from the LATIN of

Catullus and *Secundus*,

And the GREEK of

MENAGE.

——They *Kiſs'd* with ſuch a Fervour,
And gave ſuch furious Earneſt of their Flame,
That their Eyes ſparkled, and their mantling Blood
Flew flushing o'er their Faces.

Dryden's *Don Sebaſtian.*

The Second Edition.

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LONDON:

KISSING
TO
CHANGE

BASIA:

OR, THE

CHARMS

OF

KISSING.

CATULLI Epigramma quintum.

Ad LESBIAM.

VIVAMUS, *mea* Lesbia, *atq; amemus,*
Rumoresq; ſenum ſeverioru
Omnes unius æſtimemus aſſis.

Soles *occidere, & redire poſſunt :*
Nobis, cum ſemel occidit brevis lux,
Nox eſt perpetua una dormienda.
Da mî Baſia *mille, deinde centum,*
Dein mille altera, da ſecunda centum,
Deinde uſq; altera mille, deinde centum,
Dein cum millia multa fecerimus,
Conturbabimus illa, ne ſciamus :

Aut

Imitated. The best Use of a short Life. To SYLVIA.

LET's live, and listen to Love's soft (Alarms,
Clasp me, my Fairest, in thy snowy (Arms.
The Evening Sun descends into the Main,
And sets, to rise with brighter Beams again.
The Lilly folds her Beauties up at Night,
And opens fairer to the Morning Light.
But Man, to live no more, resigns his Breath,
He sleeps, and moulders in eternal Death.
For a few Years our Vital Oil may burn,
Then to our Native Nothing we return.

*Aut ne quis malus * invidere poſſit,*
Cum tantum ſciat eſſe Baſiorum.

* *Invidere.*] Invidiæ magnam eſſe vim ad nocendum & faſcinandum autumârunt veteres, cum eam ſola voluntate, & ipſo afflatu maleficam, & venenatam rati ſunt: ejuſdem tamen molimina irrita finxerunt, niſi rem certam, & numero comprehenſam tenere poſſet. Hinc *Catullus Baſia* conturbare cupit, ne quis invidus eorum numerum cognoſceret.

Ejuſdem Epigramma Septimum.
Ad LESBIAM.

QUæris, quot mihi Baſiationes
Tuæ, Lesbia, *ſint ſatis, ſuperq;?*
Quam magnus numerus Libyſſæ *arenæ*
Laſerpiciferis jacet Cyrenis,
Oraclum Jovis *inter æſtuoſi,*
Et Batti *veteris ſacrum Sepulcrum:*

Aut

Let us then Love this fleeting Life away,
Nor mind what old and snarling Dotards say.
Unwearied let me to thy Lips be press'd,
Unwearied bind thee to my throbbing Breast.
A Thousand Kisses let me first implore,
And then a Hundred, then a Thousand more;
A Thousand Thousand let me still repeat,
And taste Delights as infinite, as great;
Till in the Maze of Numbers we are lost,
And envious Rivals own their Malice crost.

Imitated. Answer to SYLVIA.

IN vain, my Fairest Charmer, you enquire,
How many Fervent Kisses I desire.
Say first, how many Sands the Shores contain,
And Drop by Drop the boundless Ocean drain.
Tell all the Stars, that gild the silent Night,
And glitter, conscious of each stol'n Delight.

Aut quam sidera multa, cum tacet nox,
Furtivos hominum vident amores;
Tam te Basia *multa* Basiare
Vesano satis, & super Catullo *est:*
Quæ nec pernumerare curiosi
Possint, nec mala fascinare lingua.

Johannis Secundi BASIUM III.

DA mihi suaviolum, dicebam, blanda puella;
Libâsti labris mox mea labra tuis.
Inde, velut presso qui territus angue resultat,
Ora repente meo vellis ab ore procul:
Non hoc suaviolum dare, lux mea, sed dare tantum
Est desiderium flebile suavioli.

Tell all the Leaves, that cloath ten thousand Trees,
And gently tremble to the Vernal Breeze;
Count all the Courtier's wiles, the Tradesman's lyes;
The Miser's wishes, and the Lover's sighs:
Then will I tell thee, nor 'till then enquire,
How many fervent Kisses I desire.
Scarce will Arithmetick the Sum contain,
Millions on millions multiplied in vain.

Imitated. To the Coy SYLVIA.

I Press'd my *Sylvia* for a Kiss;
She gave me a Faint Taste of Bliss;
Then Starting from my Arms she sprung,
Like one that's by an Adder stung.
Forbear, Fair Maid, with scornful Art,
To Tantalize my longing Heart:
Instead of Quenching my desire,
You add fresh Fuel to the Fire.

Ejuſdem. BASIUM IV.

NON *dat* Baſia, *dat* Neæra *nectar*,
Dat roreis animæ ſuaveolenteis,
Dat nardumq; thymumq; cinnamumq;,
Et mel, quale jugis legunt Hymetti,
Aut in Cecropiis *apes roſetis*,
Atq; hinc virgineis & inde ceris
Septum vimineo tegunt quaſillo:
Quæ ſi multa mihi voranda dentur,
Immortalis in his repente fiam,
Magnorumq; epulis fruar Deorum.
Sed tu munere parce, parce tali,
Aut mecum Dea *fac*, Neæra, *fias*:
Non menſas ſine te volo Deorum:
Non, ſi me rutilis præeſſe regnis,
Excluſo Jove, Dii, Deæq; *cogant*.

Imitated. *The* CHOICE.

ON *Sylvia*'s Lips I taſte Celeſtial Bliſs,
Imparting Nectar in each balmy Kiſs:
Around her Mouth encircling Roſes grow,
Whence Odours of *Sabæan* Spices flow:
Where dwell ſuch Sweets, as in *Hyblæan* Bow'rs,
Induſtrious Bees collect from gaudy Flow'rs;
Then artful Cells of Virgin Wax contrive,
And hoard their Honey in the ſhelt'ring Hive.
Oh! Could I Revel in the ſoft Delight,
Oft would kind *Sylvia* thus my Love requite,
Luxuriant thus, Immortal ſhould I prove,
Cheer'd by the Banquets of the Gods above.
Yet timely this unkind Profuſion ſpare;
Or ſoar with Me, and endleſs Pleaſures ſhare;
Heav'n yields no Bliſs, unleſs my *Sylvia*'s there.
Bereft of Thee, I ſcorn to be the Gueſt
Of pamper'd Gods at their Ambroſial Feaſt.

Ejuſdem. BASIUM V.

DUM me mollibus hinc & hinc lacertis
Aſtrictum premis, imminenſq; toto
Collo, pectore, lubricoq; vultu,
Dependes humeris, Neæra, *noſtris:*
Componenſq; meis labella labris,
Et morſu petis, & gemis remorſa,
Et linguam tremulam hinc & inde vibras,
Et linguam querulam hinc & inde ſugis,
Aſpirans animæ ſuavis auram,
Mollem, dulciſonam, humidam, meæq;

Altricem

Should all the Rebel Deities combine,
Compelling *Jove* his Thunder to resign,
And me to rule his Starry Orb confine;
Proud of my Chains, I'd still your Empire own,
Nor deign to fill the Abdicated Throne.

Imitated. *The* Force *of* Love.

WHILE clasp'd within those tender Arms
I gaze on all your Lavish Charms;
And you Reclining on my Breast,
Eternal Truth, and Love protest;
While Lips to Lips united join
As round your Iv'ry Neck I Twine;
Each Kiss conveys a Pleasing Smart,
Trickling thro' ev'ry Vital Part.
Thus in the Folds of Love we lie,
Entranc'd in Mutual Extacy:

Altricem miſeræ, Neæra, *vitæ:*
Hauriens animam meam caducam,
Flagrantem, nimio vapore coctam,
Coctam pectoris impotentis æſtu:
Eludiſq; meas, Neæra, *flammas,*
Flabro pectoris haurientis æſtum,
O jucunda mei caloris aura!
Tunc, dico, Deus *eſt* Amor Deorum,
Et nullus Deus *eſt* Amore *major.*
Si quiſquam tamen eſt Amore *major,*
Tu, tu ſola mihi es, Neæra *major.*

Ejuſdem.

'Till with Fierce Raptures wearied grown
We in Soft Murmurs vent our Moan.
But while I struggling Pant for breath,
Just sinking to the Shades of Death,
Eager you catch my Fleeting Soul,
Hasting impetuous to the Goal.
Then as you gently Fan my Fire,
By turns I Live, by turns Expire.
While you my Fev'rish Breast asswage,
Scorch'd with the Heat of am'rous Rage,
Love is (I own) our God Supreme,
No Deity can Rival him;
Or if superior Pow'r there be,
Sylvia, it must be lodg'd with Thee.

Imitated.

Ejuſdem. BASIUM VI.

DE meliore nota bis Baſia *mille paciſcens*
Baſia *mille dedi*, Baſia *mille tuli.*
Expleſti numerum, fateor, jucunda Neæra,
Expleri numero ſed nequit ullus amor.
Quis laudet Cererem *numeratis ſurgere ariſtis?*
Gramen in irrigua quis numeravit humo?
Quis tibi, Bacche, *tulit pro centum vota racemis?*
Agricolamve Deum *mille popoſcit apeis?*
Cum pius irrorat ſitienteis Juppiter *agros,*
Deciduæ guttas non numeramus aquæ.
Sic quoq;, cum ventis concuſſus inhorruit aër,
Sumpſit & irata Juppiter *arma manu,*
Grandine confuſa terras, & cærula pulſat,
Securus ſternat quot ſata, quotve locis.
Seu bona, ſeu mala ſunt, veniunt uberrima cælo:
Majeſtas domui convenit illa Jovis.

Imitated. The BALLANCE.

COmpounding with the Nymph, whom I (adore,
For twice ten hundred Kisses from her Store;
A thousand Times her Rosy Lips I press'd,
As oft the *Fair-one* Me by turns caress'd.
Her Glowing Charms still new Desires excite,
For Love can ne'er be Bounded in delight.
Thin is the Crop, nor Bountcous is the Year,
When Swains deluded count each distant Ear.
Who counts the Grass upon the Verdant Mead,
Where fatt'ning Flocks in flow'ry Pastures feed?
Who for a hundred Clusters sends up Pray'rs,
When to the Shrine of *Bacchus* he repairs?
Or tells each Drop, when Clouds dissolve in Rain,
And Genial Show'rs bedew the thirsty Plain?
When Whirlwinds rend the Skies with loud Alarms,
And angry *Jove* assumes his vengeful Arms,

Tu quoq; cum Dea *ſis*, Diva *formoſior illa*,
Concha per æquoreum quam vaga ducit iter,

Baſia *cur numero, cœleſtia dona, coerces?*
Nec numeras gemitus, dura puella, meos?
Nec lacrymas numeras, quæ per faciemq; ſinumq;
Duxerint rivos ſemper euntis aquæ?
Si numeras lacrymas, numeres licet oſcula; ſed ſi
Non numeras lacrymas, oſcula ne numeres.
Et mihi da, miſeri ſolatia vana doloris,
Innumera innumeris Baſia *pro lacrymis.*

Ejuſdem.

Unbounded Storms on Earth, and Seas are hurl'd,
While Medley-Ruins scare the trembling World.
All Good, or Ill flows Plenteous from above,
Worthy the Grandeur of the Realm of *Jove*.
Why then, O Heaven-born Maid! More beau-
(teous far
Than *Thetis* floating in her Sea-green Carr,
Should Kisses thus to Numbers be confin'd?
Kisses, as Cordials by the Gods design'd
To chase intruding Cares, and cheer Mankind.
Why count you not my Sighs, which all around,
Heav'd from my Breast, diffuse a mournful Sound?
Nor count the Tears, still gushing from my Woe,
Which down my Cheeks in Streams for ever flow?
At length relent, O Marble-hearted Fair!
Your Kisses with my Sighs, and Tears compare:
Then grant, to sooth my Griefs, and anxious Fears,
Unnumber'd Kisses for unnumber'd Tears.

Ejusdem. BASIUM. XI.

BASIA *lauta nimis quidam me jungere dicunt,*
Qualia rugosi non didicere patres.
Ergo, ego cum cupidis stringo tua colla lacertis,
Lux mea, basiolis *immoriorq; tuis,*
Anxius exquiram, quid de me quisq; loquatur?
Ipse quis, aut ubi sim, vix meminisse vacat.
Audiit, & risit formosa Neæra, *meumq;*
Hinc collum niveis cinxit, & inde manu;
Basiolumq; *dedit, quo non lascivius unquam*
Inseruit Marti Cypria *blanda suo:*
Et, Quid, ait, metuis turbæ decreta severæ?
Causa meo tantum competit ista foro.

Ejusdem.

Imitated. *The* FAIR JUDGE.

SOME crabbed Criticks blame my Kisses,
And cry, my manner much amiss is:
While our grave Dons abstemious Sip,
I dwell, like Bird-lime, on the Lip.
But while, transported by thy Charms,
I grasp thee with my eager Arms;
And riot in excess of Bliss,
Dissolving with each luscious Kiss,
Life of my Life! what is't to me,
What morose *Cynicks* shall decree?
Shall I with anxious pains enquire,
How He, or She approve my Fire?
When the soft pleasure so immense is,
It quite intoxicates my Senses.
The lovely *Sylvia* heard her Swain,
Her Dimpling Smiles check'd stern Disdain,

When

Ejusdem. BASIUM XIII.

LAnguidus è dulci certamine, vita, jacebam
Exanimis, fusa per tua colla manu.
Omnis in arenti consumptus spiritus ore
Flamine non poterat cor recreare novo.
Jam Styx *ante oculos, & regna carentia* Sole,
Luridaq; annosi cymba Charontis *erat.*

Cum

When strait around my Neck she threw
Her Silken Arms of snowy hue.
Then printed such a melting Kiss,
Mars ne'er enjoy'd more solid Bliss,
Caress'd by the kind Queen of Love
In coverts of the *Cyprian* Grove.
Too tim'rous Youth! Quoth She, Forbear
The Verdict of the Crowd to fear:
Your Cause, depending on my Sentence,
On Me alone demands Attendance.

Imitated. LOVE's *the* PHYSICIAN.

WIth sportive Wars fatigu'd, and am'rous Play,
Thy Neck encircling with my Arms, I lay:
My Breath exhal'd, cou'd now no more impart
One gentle Gale to cool my Fev'rish Heart:
I saw the *Stygian* Banks, and gloomy Coast,
And *Charon* waited on my flitting Ghost.

On

Cum tu ſuaviolum educens pulmonis ab imo
Afflaſti ſiccis irriguum labiis:
Suaviolum, Stygia quod me de valle reduxit,
Et juſſit vacua currere nave ſenem.
Erravi: vacua non remigat ille carina,
Flebilis ad manes jam natat umbra mea.
Pars animæ, mea vita, tuæ hoc in corpore vivit,
Et dilapſuros ſuſtinet articulos:
Quæ tamen, impatiens in priſtina jura reverti,
Sæpe per arcanas nititur ægra vias:
Ac, niſi dilecta per te foveatur ab aura,
Jam collabentes deſerit articulos.
Ergo age, labra meis innecte tenacia labris,
Aſſidueq; duos ſpiritus unus alat:
Donec, inexpleti poſt tædia ſera furoris,
Unica de gemino corpore vita fluet.

Ejuſdem.

On my parch'd Lips you breathe a Melting Kiss,
And strait the grisly Form of Death dismiss,
Recall my Soul from Vales of endless Night
To gladsome Regions of Etherial Light.
Not so--My Shade glides to th' Infernal Shore,
Charon just now prepares to waft me o'er.
Yet still I live, eluding Fate's Decree,
Since part of *Sylvia*'s Soul resides with Me.
That animates my Limbs, supports my Frame,
And kindles in my Breast an active Flame:
But, grown impatient of unusual Sway,
Thro' secret Paths aspires to force its Way;
Longs to its Native Mansion to return,
In Her Bright Form with Purer Flames to burn.
Haste then, my Love, while Lips to Lips we join.
Let thy sweet Breath preserve Thy Life, and Mine,
With Raptures spent, yet raging with Desire,
Involv'd in mutual Folds, we'll both expire:
We'll sink United to the Shades below,
Like Streams, that mingling in one Current flow.

Ejuſdem. BASIUM XV.

ADducto puer Idalius *poſt tempora nervo*
Stabat in exitium, pulchra Neæra, *tuum.*
Cum frontem, ſparſoſq; videns in fronte capillos,
Luminaq; argutis irrequieta notis,
Flammeolaſq; genas, & dignas matre papillas,
Jecit ab ambigua tela remiſſa manu.
Inq; tuas curſu effuſus pueriliter ulnas,
Mille tibi fixit Baſia *mille modis;*
Quæ ſuccos tibi myrteolos, Cyprioſq; *liquores*
Pectoris afflarunt uſq; ſub ima tui.
Juravitq; Deos *omnes,* Veneremq; *parentem,*
Nil tibi poſt unquam velle movere mali.
Et miremur adhuc, cur tam tua Baſia *fragrent?*
Duraq; cur miti ſemper amore vaces?

Ejuſdem.

Imitated. CUPID *Reclaim'd.*

With bended Bow prepar'd, and feather'd (Dart
The Archer-God took aim at *Sylvia*'s Heart.
But while he gazing view'd her youthful Face,
Soft glancing
And Eyes, still rolling with resistless grace,
The purple Blushes of the bashful Maid,
And Curling Locks, with negligence display'd,
Her Breasts, that plump, as ripen'd Clusters, swell,
Where all the Sweets of Love's soft Goddess dwell;
He drop'd his Bow, his Shafts at random th[illegible]
To *Sylvia*'s Arms with wanton ardour flew;
A thousand Times with thousand Arts he strove
To please the Fair, and Kiss her into Love.
Each Printed Kiss did o'er her Lips diffuse
Odours of Myrtle, and Nectarean Dews.
The God then vow'd by all his Mother's Charms,
To harbour 'gainst the Nymph no future Harms.

Ejusdem. BASIUM XVII.

QUALEM purpureo diffundit mane colorem
Quæ rosa nocturnis roribus immaduit,
Matutina rubent nostræ sic labra puellæ,
Basiolis *longa nocte rigata meis:*
Quæ circum facies niveo candore coronat,
Virginis ut violam cum tenet alba manus.
Tale novum seris cerasum sub floribus ardet,
Æstatemq; & ver cum simul arbor habet.
Me miserum! quare cum flagrantissima jungis
Oscula, de thalamo cogor abire tuo?

O!

Still on Thy Mouth Ambroſial Sweets abound,
Thy Kiſſes breathe a ſpicy Gale around:
Still, ſcornful Maid! my Sighs repeated prove
Thy frozen Heart inſenſible of Love.

Imitated. *The* IMPRECATION. *To* SYLVIA.

SEE! how the Roſe her purple Buds diſplays,
As the gay Morn extends her cheering Rays!
The Orient Sun her op'ning Beauty views,
And licks (turns) her Leaves, refreſh'd with dropping Dews.
So Glow Thy Lips, unveil'd to Morning Light,
Embalm'd with Kiſſes all the Jocund Night:
Thy Lips, Encircled with an Iv'ry Form,
Where thouſand Graces thouſand Lovers warm.
Such Luſtre does the Bluſhing Pink command,
Claſp'd by a Virgin in her Snowy Hand.

O! saltem labris serva hunc, formosa, ruborem,
Dum tibi me referet noctis opaca quies.
Si tamen interea cujusquam Basia *carpent,*
Illa meis fiant pallidiora genis.

The

So looks the Cherry with White Blossoms crown'd,
Such Party-colour'd Beauties darts around.
Ah! Why am I from Love and *Sylvia* torn,
When Darkness yields to the Intruding Morn?
Why am I sever'd from the Short-liv'd Bliss,
When the warm Nymph improves in ev'ry Kiss?
Oh! may Thy Lips preserve their Rosy Charms,
Till sable Night restores me to thy Arms:
But if to Kiss a Rival Swain you burn,
Pale, as My Cheeks, for ever may they turn.

The

The REWARD.

From the Greek *of* MENAGE.

THRO' *Paphos'* Streets the *Cyprian* Goddess flies,
And fondly thus her Vagrant Son she *cries*:
Let any one, where *Cupid* roves, declare,
A Kiss from *Venus* shall reward his Care.

Hence all concern --- Your Fugitive is found,
Here lurks the God, and deals Destruction round:
The Lordly Tyrant reigns within my Heart,
Circled with Flames, and many a venom'd Dart.
Kind Queen of Love, impart the promis'd Kiss,
Or bid Fair *Sylvia*, and augment the Bliss.

The MISTAKE.

From the ſame.

CUPID, upon a Jovial Day,
As Buxom Laſſes danc'd the Hay,
Leering around with Roguiſh Eye,
The bright *Ophelia* chanc'd to ſpy.
He ran up to her in a trice,
And ſtrait with wheedling Artifice
His Arms about her Waſte he threw,
With fawning Smiles began to ſue:
Not Dreaming he had done amiſs,
Cried, Give me, Dear Mamma, a Kiſs.
Ophelia ſtarted at that Name,
Which ill a Maiden Nymph became.
The baſhful Boy hangs down his Head,
While Crimſon Stains his Face o'erſpread:

In his fair Cheeks Confuſion glows,
Bluſhing like the new-blown Roſe.
Don't be concern'd, ſweet Youth, ſaid I,
(Who long had gazing ſtood hard by)
Ophelia is ſo like your Mother,
We can't diſtinguiſh one from t'other.

Catulli Epigramma Octavum. Ad Seipſum.

MISER Catulle, *deſinas ineptire,*
Et, quod vides periſſe, perditum ducas.
Fulſere quondam candidi tibi ſoles,
Cum ventitabas, quo puella ducebat
Amata nobis, quantum amabitur nulla.
Ibi illa multa tam jocoſa fiebant,
Quæ tu volebas, nec puella nolebat.
Fulſere vere candidi tibi ſoles.

Nunc

Imitated. *The Farewel to* LOVE.

AT length, fond Lover, give thy Follies o'er,
Nor vainly wiſh loſt Pleaſures to reſtore.
Thou haſt indeed been bleſt with Golden Days,
And Suns have roſe with more auſpicious Rays:
While frequently thy lov'd-one thou didſt ſee,
More lov'd, than any other ſhall, by me.
All then was Mirth, and Joy ſucceeding Joy
For ever new, nor was thy Charmer coy.

Thy

36 *Catulli* Epigramma Octavum.

Nunc jam illa non vult, tu quoq; impotens ne ſis :
Nec quæ fugit ſectare, nec miſer vive :
Sed obſtinata mente perfer, obdura.
Vale puella, jam Catullus *obdurat :*
Nec te requiret, nec rogabit invitam.
At tu dolebis, cum rogaberis nullam,
Sceleſta, noctem. Quæ tibi manet vita ?
Quis nunc te adibit ? Quoi videberis bella ?
Quem nunc amabis ? Cujus eſſe diceris ?
Quem Baſiabis ? Quoi labella mordebis ?
At tu, Catulle, *deſtinatus obdura.*

A

Thy Sighs ſhe heard, and to thy Wiſhes kind,
Her will to Thine ſhe conſtantly reſign'd.
Then waſt thou bleſt indeed with Golden Days,
The Suns then roſe with more auſpicious Rays.
But ſince the Fair from thy Embraces flies,
Do thou contemn the Joy, which ſhe denies.
Court not the Nymph reluctant to the Kiſs,
Nor in a Fickle Woman place thy Bliſs.
Drive from thy Manly Breaſt the Faithleſs Dame,
Aſſert thy Freedom, and ſubdue thy Flame:
Baniſh thy Fondneſs for the Froward Maid,
And ſummon all thy Spirits to thy Aid.
'Tis done--My wanton Follies I giver o'er;
Adieu, vain Thing! Your Lover ſighs no more:
No more to Thee he ſighs, nor tamely ſues
For what in ſcornful Pride thou doſt refuſe.
But thou ſhalt mourn thy own perverſe Diſdain,
And long to claſp me in thy Arms in vain.

For what new Joys past Raptures will succeed?
What Slave submissive at thy Feet will bleed?
What Dotard will, like Me, thy Charms admire?
Whom wilt thou chuse to quench thy raging Fire?
Whose Lips with eager Kisses wilt thou press?
And who will sooth thee with a soft Caress?
Since now my wanton Follies I give o'er,
Adieu, vain Thing! Your Lover sighs no more.

FINIS.

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